

Diggs and Caminetti Sentenced.
Maury L. Diggs, former state architect of California, was sentenced by Judge Van Fleet in the federal district court at San Francisco to serve two years in the state penitentiary at San Quentin and to pay a fine of \$2,000 for violating the Mann white slave traffic act. F. Drow Caminetti was sentenced to eighteen months at the same penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$1,500 for a similar offense. Sentences were imposed in the presence of an audience that filled the courtroom to its fullest capacity. Judge Van Fleet's words in sentencing the men were very impressive.

Henry Named as Orator.
President Wilson has designated Representative Robert L. Henry of Texas to deliver an oration on behalf of the federal government at the dedication of the Balboa monument site Sept. 26 at San Diego, Cal. King Alfonso has designated the Spanish minister as his personal representative on that occasion.

THE Melting of Molly

By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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SYNOPSIS

The teller of the story, Molly Carter, a young widow, awaiting the return of Al Bennett, an old flame, who is now a distinguished diplomat, tries to reduce weight. Her physician, adviser and next door neighbor is Dr. John, a widower and father of young Billy, whom Molly loves. Molly is surprised at play with Billy by Judge Wade, who is the most dignified and able man in Hillsboro. Billy comes over from next door with his father. Hillsboro receives a visit from Ruth Chester, a friend of Bennett, and Molly finds her delightful. Molly goes to the city for an outfit of clothing. Molly has trouble in reducing her weight. Billy's singing of an old love song about "Molly" under her window brings tears to her eyes. She flirts with Tom Pollard, her cousin, who is a "ladie" man. She decides to re-enter Hillsboro society by giving a dinner. The doctor catches her eating forbidden jam. Dr. John and Molly pay a visit to one of his patients, a young mother. She doesn't know whom she really wants to marry, but thinks she will accept Bennett. Tom invites Molly to a dance. Of all Molly's dances the one with Dr. John pleases her most. Preparations for a dinner are under way. Bennett is almost due in Hillsboro. Billy eats too much and becomes sick. At the dinner, which is a great success, Molly receives a telegram from Bennett asking permission to come to Hillsboro immediately. Judge Wade sends Molly a love letter, which Molly thinks is too long and formal. Billy tells Molly he and his father are going to Europe. Molly disputes the doctor's right to part her and Billy. Dr. John suggests Molly's marrying Bennett and the couple going with him and Billy to Europe. When Molly adds up to herself that she loves the doctor, when Bennett comes she flies to the doctor's office for refuge. The doctor and Molly admit their love for each other. He has been concealing his because he thought she was waiting for Bennett, whom Ruth loves.

LEAF ELEVENTH.

A Heart of Gold.

If there is a contagious thing in this world it is embarrassment. I never felt anything worse in all my life than the shame that swept over me in a great hot wave when that look came into his eyes and made me realize just exactly what I had been saying to him, about what, and how I had said it. I stood perfectly still, shook all over like a leaf and wondered if I would ever be able to raise my eyes from the ground. A dizzy, nauseated feeling for myself rose up in me against myself, and I was just about to turn on my heels and leave him, I hoped forever, when he came over and laid his hand on my shoulder. "Molly," he said in a voice that might have come down from heaven on dove wings. "You can't for a moment feel or think that I don't realize and appreciate what you have been to the motherless little chap, and for life I am yours at command, as he is. I really thought it would be a relief to you to have him taken away from you for just a little while right now, and I still think it is best, but not unless you can send. You shall have him back whenever you are ready for him, and at all times both he and I are at your service to the whole of our kingdoms. Just think the matter over, won't you, and decide what you want me to do?" Something in me died forever. I think, when he spoke to me like that, he's not like other men, and there aren't any other men on earth but him! All the rest are just bugs or bats or something worse. And I'm not anything myself. There's no excuse for my living, and I wish I wasn't so healthy and likely to go on doing it. It was all over, and there was nothing left for me to live for, and before I

could stop myself I turned my face in my hands. "Billy asked me to go with him on this awful white hunt!" I sobbed out to comfort myself with the thought that somebody did care for me, regardless of just how I was further embarrassing and complimenting myself in the affairs of the two men I had thought I owned and was now finding out that I had to give up. I wish I had been looking at him, for I felt him start, but he said in his big friendly voice that is so much and never enough for me. "Well, why not you and Al come along and make it a family party. If that is what suits Bill, the boss?" If men would just buy good, sharp kitchen knives and cut out women's hearts in a businesslike way it would be so much kinder of them. Why do they prefer to use dull weapons that mash the life out slowly? Everything is at an end for me tonight, and that blow did it. It was a horrible crushing thing for him to say to me! I know now that I have been in love with John Moore for longer than my honor lets me admit and that I'll never love anybody else, and that also I have offered myself to him served up in every known enticement and have to be refused at least twice a day for a year. A widow can't say she didn't understand what she was doing, even to her self, but my humiliation is complete, and the only thing that can make me ever hold up my head is to puzzle him by—by happily marrying Alfred Bennett—and quick!

Of course he must suspect how I feel about him, for two people couldn't both be so ignorant as not to see such an enormous thing as my love for him, is, and I was the blind one. But he must never, never know that I ever realized it, for he is so good that it would distress him. I must go on in my foolish way with him until I can get away. I'll tell him I'm sorry I was so indignant tonight and say that I think it will be fine for him to take my Billy away from me with him. I must smile at the idea of having my very soul imputed, insist that it is the only thing to do and pack up the little soul in a steamer trunk with the smile. Just smile, that is all. Life demands smiles from a woman, even if she must crush their perfume from her own heart, and she generally has them ready.

Oh, Molly, Molly! Is it for this you came into the world—twice to give yourself without love? What difference does it make that your arms are strong and white if they can't clasp him to the softness and fragrance of your breast? Why are your eyes blue pools of love if they are not for his questioning, and what are your rose lips for if they quench not his thirst?

Yes, I know God is very tender with a woman, and I think he understands, so if she crept very close to him and caught at his sleeve to steady herself he would be kind to her until she could go on along her own steep way. Please, God, never let him find out, for it would hurt him to have hurt me!

Some days are like the miracle flowers that open in the garden from plants you didn't expect to bloom at all. I might have been born, lived and died without having this one come into my life, and now that I have had it, I don't know how to write it except in the crimson of blood, the blue of flame, the gold of glory, and a tinge of light green would well express the part I have played. But it is all over at last and—

Ruth Chester was the unfolding of the first hour petal, and I got a glimpse of a heart of gold that I feel dumb with worship to think of. She's God's own good woman, and he made her in one of his holy hours. I wish I could have borne her, so she me, and the tenderness of her arms was a sacrament. We two women just stood side-by-side with life's artifices and concealments and let our own hearts do the talking.

She said she had come because she felt that if she talked with me I might be better able to understand Alfred when he came and that she had seen that the judge was very determined, and she thoroughly recognized his force of character. We stopped there while I gave her the document to read. I suppose it was dishonorable, but I needed her protection from it. I'm glad she had the strength of mind to walk with a head high in the air to Judy's range and burn it up. Anything might have happened if she hadn't. And even now I feel that only my marriage vows will close up the case for the judge, even yet he may—But when Ruth had got done with Alfred she had wiped Judge Wade's appreciation of him completely off my mind and destroyed it in tender words that burned us both worse than Judy's fire burned the letter. She did me an awfully good service.

"And so you see, you lovely woman you, do you not, that God has made you for him as a tribute to his great newness and it is given to you to fulfill a destiny?" She was so beautiful as she said it that I had to turn my eyes away, but I felt as I did when those awful "let not man put asunder"—from Mr. Carter—words were spoken over me by Mr. Ralnes, the Methodist minister. It made me wild, and before I knew it I had poured out the whole truth to her in a perfect cataract of words. The truth always acts on women as some hitherto untried drug, and you can never tell what the reaction is going to be. In this case I was stricken dumb and found it hard to see.

"Oh, dear heart," she exclaimed as she reached out and drew me into her lovely, gracious arms, "then the privilege is all the more wonderful for you, as you make some sacrifice to complete his life. Having suffered this, you will be all the greater woman to understand him. I accept my own sorrow at his hands willingly, as it gives me the larger sympathy for his work,

though he will no longer need my personal encouragement as he has for years. In the light of his love this lesser feeling for Dr. Moore will soon pass away, and the accord between you will be complete." This was more than I could stand, and, feeling less than a worm, I turned my face into her breast and wept. Now, who would have thought that girl could dance as she did?

By this time I was in such a solution of grief that I would soon have had to be sopped up with a sponge if Pet hadn't run in bubbling over like a lovely white linen clad glass of Rhine wine and seltzer. Happiness has a habit of not even acknowledging the presence of grief, and Pet didn't seem to see our red noses, crushed draperies and generally damp atmosphere.

"Molly," she said with a deliciously young giggle, "Tom says for you to send him \$10 to spend getting the brass band half drunk before 6 o'clock train, on which your Mr. Bennett comes. He has spent \$5 paying the negroes to polish up their instruments and clean up the uniforms, and it cost him twenty-five to bail the cornetist out of jail for roost robbing, and it takes a whole gallon of whiskey to get any spirit into the drummer. He says tell you that as this is your shindig you ought at least to pay the piper. Hurry up, he's waiting for me, and here's the kiss he told me to put on our left ear!"

"I suppose you delivered that kiss straight from where he gave it to you, Petrie, dear?" I had the spirit to say as I went over to the desk for my pocket-book.

"Why, Molly, you know me better than that!" she exclaimed from behind a perfect rose cloud of blushes.

"I know Tom better than I do you," I answered as she fled with the ten in her hand. I looked at Ruth Chester, and we both laughed. It is true that a broader sympathy is one of the by-products of sorrow, and a week ago I might have resented Pet to a marked degree instead of giving her the \$10 and a blessing.

"I'm going quick, Molly, with that laugh between us," Ruth said as she rose and took me into her arms again for just half a second, and before I could stop her she was gone.

She met Billy totting up the front step with a long piece of rusty iron gaspipe, which took off an inch of paint as it bumped against the edge of the porch. He bent down and kissed the back of his neck, which theft was almost more than I could stand and apparently more than Billy was prepared to accept.

"Go away, girl," he said in his rudest manner. "Don't you see I'm busy?"

I met him in the front hall just in time to prevent a hopeless scur on my hardwood floor. He was hot, perspiring and panting, but full of triumph.

"I found it, Molly, I found it!" he exclaimed as he let the heavy pipe drop almost on the bare pink toes. "You can get a hammer and pound the end sharp and bend it so no whole we ketch can get away for nothing. You and Doc put it in your trunk 'cause it's too long for mine, and I can carry Doc's shirts and things in mine. Git the hammer quick and I'll help you fix it!" The pain in my breast was almost more than I could bear.

"Lover," I said as I knelt down by him in the dim old hall and put my arms around him as if to shield him from some blow I couldn't help being aimed at him. "You wouldn't mind much would you, if just this time your Molly couldn't go with you? Your father is going to take good care of you and—maybe bring you back to me some day."

"Why, Molly," he said, flaring his astonished blue eyes at me, "faint me to be took care of? I ain't a-going to leave you here, for maybe a bear to come out of a crevas and out you up, with me and Doc gone. 'Sides, Doc ain't no good and maybe wouldn't help me hold the rope tight to keep the whole from getting away. He don't know how to do like I tell him like you do."

"Try him, lover, and maybe he will—will learn to— I couldn't help the tears that came to stop my words.

"Now, you see, Molly, how you'd cry with that kiss spot gone," he said, with an amused, manly, little tenderness in his voice that I had never heard before, and he cuddled his lips against mine in almost the only voluntary kiss he had given me since I had got him into his ridiculous little trousers under his blouses. "You can have most a hundred kisses every night if you don't say no more about not a-going and fix that whole hook for me quick." He coaxed against my cheek.

Oh, little lover, little lover, you didn't know what you were saying with your baby wisdom and your rust griny little paddle burned the sleep place on my breast like a terrible white heat from which I was powerless to defend myself. You are mine, you are, you are! You are soul of my soul and heart of my heart and spirit of my spirit and—and you ought to have been flesh of my flesh.

I don't know how I managed to answer Mrs. Johnson's call from my front gate, but I sometimes think that women have a torture proof clause in their constitutions.

She and Aunt Bettie had just come up the street from Aunt Bettie's house, and the Pollard cook was following them with a large basket in which were packed the things Aunt Bettie was contributing to the entertainment of the distinguished citizen. Mr. Johnson is Alfred's nearest kinsman in Hillsboro, and, of course, he is to be their guest while he is in town.

"He'll be feeding his eyes on Molly, so he'll not even know he's eating my Washington almond pudding with 'Thomas' old port in it," teased Aunt Bettie, with a laugh, as I went across the street with them.

"There's going to be a regular epi-

demic of love in Hillsboro, I do believe," she continued in her usual strain of sentimental speculation. "I saw Mr. Graves talking to Della Hawes in front of the store an hour ago as I came out from looking at the blue chintz to match Pet for the west wing, and they were both so absorbed they didn't even see me. That was what might have been called a conflagration dinner you gave the other night, Molly, in more ways than one. I wish a spark had set off Benton Wade and Henrietta too. Maybe it did, but it's just taking fire slowly."

I think it would be a good thing just to let Aunt Bettie blindfold every unmarried person in this town and marry them to the first person they touch hands with. It would be fun for her and then we could have peace and apparently as much happiness as we are going to have anyway. Mrs. Johnson seemed to be in somewhat the same state of mind as I found myself.

"Humph," she said as we went up the front steps, "I'll be glad when you are married and settled, Molly Carter, so the rest of this town can quiet down into peace once more, and I sincerely hope every woman under fifty in Hillsboro who is already married will stay in that state until she reaches that age. But I do believe if the law marched widows from grave number one to altar number two they would get into trouble and fuss along the road. But come on in, both of you, and help me get this marriage feast ready, if I must! The day is going by on greased wheels, and I can't let Mr. Johnson's crotchets be neglected. Al Bennett or no Al Bennett!"

And from then on for hours and hours I was strapped to a torture wheel that turned and turned, minute after minute, as it ground spice and sugar and bridal ments and me relentlessly into a great suffering pulp. Could I ever in all my life have hungered for food and been able to get it past the lump in my throat that grew larger with the seconds? And if Alfred's pudding tasted of the salt of dead sea fruit this evening it was from my surreptitious tears that dripped into it.

It was late, very late, before Mrs. Johnson realized it and shooed me home to get ready to go to the train along with the brass band and all the other wellcomers.

I hurried all I could, but for long minutes I stood in front of my mirror and questioned myself. Could this slow, pale, dead eyed, slim, drooping girl be the rollicking child of a Molly who had looked out of that mirror at me one short week ago? Where were the wings on her heels, the glint in her curls, the laugh on her mouth and the devil in her eyes?

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Howard Kerr, Manager.

Notice of Sale Under Special Execution

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF EDDY COUNTY, NEW MEXICO. No. 1644

Gross-Miller Grocery Co., Plaintiff, vs. Lucy A. Traylor, formerly Lucy A. Anderson, Defendant.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of an alias special execution issued in said cause, dated the 8th day of September, A. D., 1913, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon and seized, as the property of the above named defendant, the West half of Section 9, Township 18 South, of Range 26 East of the New Mexico Meridian, in Eddy County, New Mexico, with the appurtenances thereto belonging, and will, on Monday, the 20th day of October, 1913, at the south door of the Court-house, in the town of Carlsbad, in said Eddy County, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of that date, expose for sale and sell, at public auction, for cash in hand, the real estate above described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said execution.

Said execution is based upon a judgment rendered in said cause on April 22, 1913, for the sum of \$639.91, debt and damages, together with the sum of \$24.50 costs to the date of said judgment, the total amount of said judgment and interest to the date of said sale being the sum of \$665.61, together with the costs of said suit and the expenses attending said sale.

The nature of the cause of action is debt by attachment. Dated at Carlsbad this 16th day of September, 1913.

James M. Dye, Roswell, N. M., attorney for plaintiff.

M. C. STEWART, Sheriff of Eddy County.

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